

The



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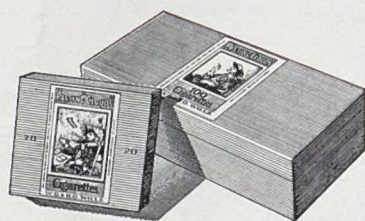
& BYSTANDER



AUGUST 22, 1956  
TWO SHILLINGS

MR & MRS PETER CADBURY  
AND THEIR CHILDREN





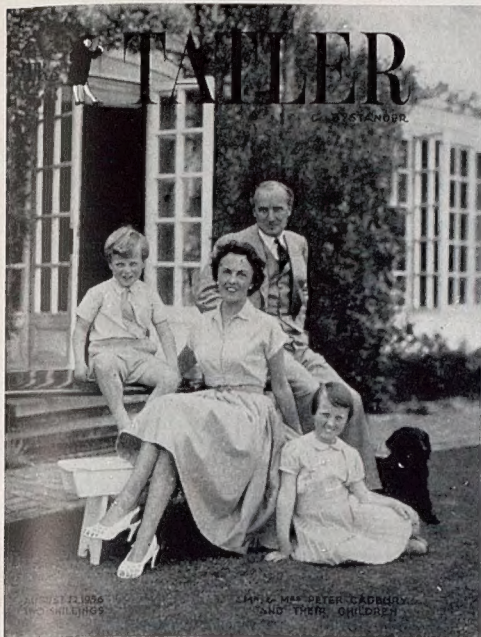
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Barry Swaeb

MR. AND MRS. PETER CADBURY and their two children, Felicity who is seven years old and Justin who is five, are seen in their garden at Nutfield, Ascot. Mr. Cadbury is the son of Major Egbert Cadbury, D.S.C., D.F.C., J.P., D.L., and of Mrs. Cadbury, who is a well-known amateur soprano. He was a test pilot during the war and in 1946 was called to the Bar, giving up his practice in 1954 to become chairman and managing director of Keith Prowse Ltd. He is a member of the M.C.C., a keen squash and tennis player and a golfer. Mrs. Cadbury was formerly Miss Benedicta Bruce

## DIARY OF THE WEEK

From August 22 to August 29

**Aug. 22 (Wed.)** Southport Flower Show (to 24th), Southport, Lancashire.

Sailing: Paignton Regatta (two days), Paignton, Devon.

Golf: Irish Professional Championship (two days), Clandebye, Co. Down.

National Radio and Television Exhibition (to Sept. 1), Earl's Court, London.

Racing at Bath (two days), Sandown Park (two days) and York.

**Aug. 23 (Thurs.)** Cricket: Fifth Test Match, England v. Australia at The Oval, London.

Golf: International Oxford v. Cambridge Universities match, Samedan, St. Moritz (to 30th).

First Night: *No Time For Sergeants*, at Her Majesty's.

Dance: Mrs. John Courage for her daughter Miss Angela Courage, at Kirkby Fleetham Hall, Northallerton, Yorkshire.

Racing at York, Bath and Sandown Park.

**Aug. 24 (Fri.)** Highland Games and Gatherings: Cowal Gathering, Dunoon, Argyll (and 25th).

Dances: Lady Lethbridge for her daughter, Miss Lucy Bailey, in Somerset; Mrs. Petre Norton (small dance) for her daughter, Miss Sarah Norton, at The Manor House, Whalton, Northumberland.

Racing at Lingfield Park (two days).

**Aug. 25 (Sat.)** South Wales Kennel Association Championship Show, Cardiff, Glam.

Barbecue party in connection with Cirencester Park Polo Tournament, held at Cirencester Park.

Racing at Ripon and Worcester.

**Aug. 26 (Sun.)** Polo: Cirencester Park Tournament ends.

Tennis: Club American Tournament, Hurlingham.

Cricket: Dragonflies v. Stragglers of Asia at Hurlingham.

**Aug. 27 (Mon.)** Sailing: Torbay Royal Regatta, Torbay, Devon; Lowestoft Regatta Week (to Sept. 2), Lowestoft, Suffolk.

Golf: Southport Golf Holiday Week (to 31st), Southport, Lancs.

Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society Show (to Sept. 1), Waverley Market, Edinburgh.

First Night: *Mother Courage* at the Palace Theatre.

Racing at Folkestone (two days) and Worcester.

**Aug. 28 (Tues.)** Sailing: Royal Torbay Yacht Club Regatta.

British Food Fair at Olympia (to Sept. 15).

**Aug. 29 (Wed.)** Sailing: Torquay Corinthian Yacht Club Regatta, Torquay, Devon, and National Firefly Yachting Championships (to Sept. 3), Torquay.

Cricket: Gentlemen of England v. Australians (to 31st) at Lord's.

Cricket Festival (to Sept. 7) starting with M.C.C. v. Yorkshire (to 31st) at Scarborough, Yorks.

Northern Agricultural and Horticultural Society Show (and 30th—Battle of Flowers, 30th), Saumarez Park, Guernsey.

First Night: *The Recruiting Officer* at the Palace Theatre.

Racing at Brighton (two days) and Catterick Bridge.

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## A profile of Lady Elizabeth

LADY ELIZABETH VON HOFMANNSTHAL is the daughter of the sixth Marquess of Anglesey and a sister of the present Marquess, who owns the beautiful house Plas Newydd on the Isle of Anglesey. In 1939 she married Herr Raimund von Hofmannsthal,

and has a daughter, Sarah Arabella Marjorie, who was born in 1942, and a son, Octavian Charles Hugo, who was born in 1946. Lady Elizabeth was a Train Bearer to the Queen at the Coronation of King George VI. She lives in Connaught Square, London



## The Social Journal

# A ROYAL SAILING WEEK AT COWES

*Jennifer*

I MADE a brief visit of forty-eight hours to Cowes where I found the Regatta in full swing—the presence of Prince Philip on board the Royal Yacht Britannia does much to stimulate the interest in this annual event and the enthusiasm of yachtsmen. This year Prince Philip entertained young King Feisal of Iraq in the Britannia and took him racing in his new 24-ft. sloop Fairey Fox, Mr. Uffa Fox, Prince Philip's sailing adviser and designer of Fairey Fox, was also sailing in her. Happily conditions were ideal that day, plenty of sunshine with enough breeze all the time to make racing very enjoyable; everyone present was delighted to see Fairey Fox cross the line first in this handicap for cruising yachts for which there were a great many starters.

The previous evening King Feisal had attended the annual dinner of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, at which Prince Philip, Admiral of the Royal Yacht Squadron, presided. His Royal Highness proposed the loyal toast, but there were no speeches. Among those present at the dinner were Sir Ralph Core the Commodore, Marquess Camden Vice-Commodore, the Portuguese Ambassador Señor Pedro Pereira, a great sailing enthusiast, who was spending two nights on board The Verite as the guest of Sir Hugh Dawson, another member of the "Squadron" who was at the dinner. Also M. François Ouvré, President of the Yacht Club de France, Admiral of the Fleet Sir George Cressy, Commander-in-Chief Portsmouth, Lt.-Cdr. Bager of the Swedish Naval training vessel moored in Cowes Water, and many more. Two nights later the Commodore and members of the committee held a brilliant ball at the Squadron which was attended by nearly four hundred guests.

THERE was as always much entertaining during Cowes Week. Prince Philip gave a small cocktail party on board Britannia to which he invited members of the diplomatic corps in the vicinity, the Mayor and Mayoress of Cowes and a few personalities connected with the town. Also the Commodores and Vice-Commodores of some of the sailing clubs and their wives and some of the foreign visitors competing in the regatta.

Major Herbert Ward, Chairman of the Cowes Council and Mrs. Ward gave their annual and always enjoyable cocktail party at Egypt House, the Marquis of Milford Haven, who was sailing his Maryllis in the International 5-5 metre classes, gave one of the many other cocktail parties at Medina Cottage. On the Monday night members of the Royal London Yacht Club and their Commodore, Mr. Dick Fremantle gave a cocktail party in the club's fine and historic premises on the front. Among the guests were Viscount Cilcennin, the first Lord of the Admiralty, Vice-Admiral Sir Connolly Abel Smith, flag officer of the Royal Yachts and many French yachtsmen competing in the regatta.

Other parties during this very gay week were given by the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, the Royal Naval Sailing Club, the Royal Thames Yacht Club, the Flying Fifteens' dinner, the Royal Victoria Y.C., who gave a ball, and the Swallow Class enthusiasts who on the Friday night chartered a steamer on which members and their guests who numbered over three hundred, dined and danced and watched the fireworks. The following evening many of those who had been racing and enjoying the festivities of Cowes Week went on to Bembridge for the annual Bembridge Sailing Club Ball which is always the greatest fun.

On the first day of my visit to Cowes I went out with Mrs. Dick Fremantle, wife of the Commodore of the Royal London Yacht



Barry Swaab

MRS. NICHOLAS ROYDS with her son Anthony, who was christened at St. Michael's, Chester Square. Before her marriage to Mr. Nicholas Royds she was Miss Sally Hoade, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hoade, of Cranleigh, Surrey. The Royds live in London



THE HON. MRS. JOHN MONSON is the wife of the Hon. John Monson, son and heir of the tenth Lord Monson. She was formerly Miss Emma Devas, daughter of Mr. Anthony Devas, A.R.A. The Monsons have a son Nicholas

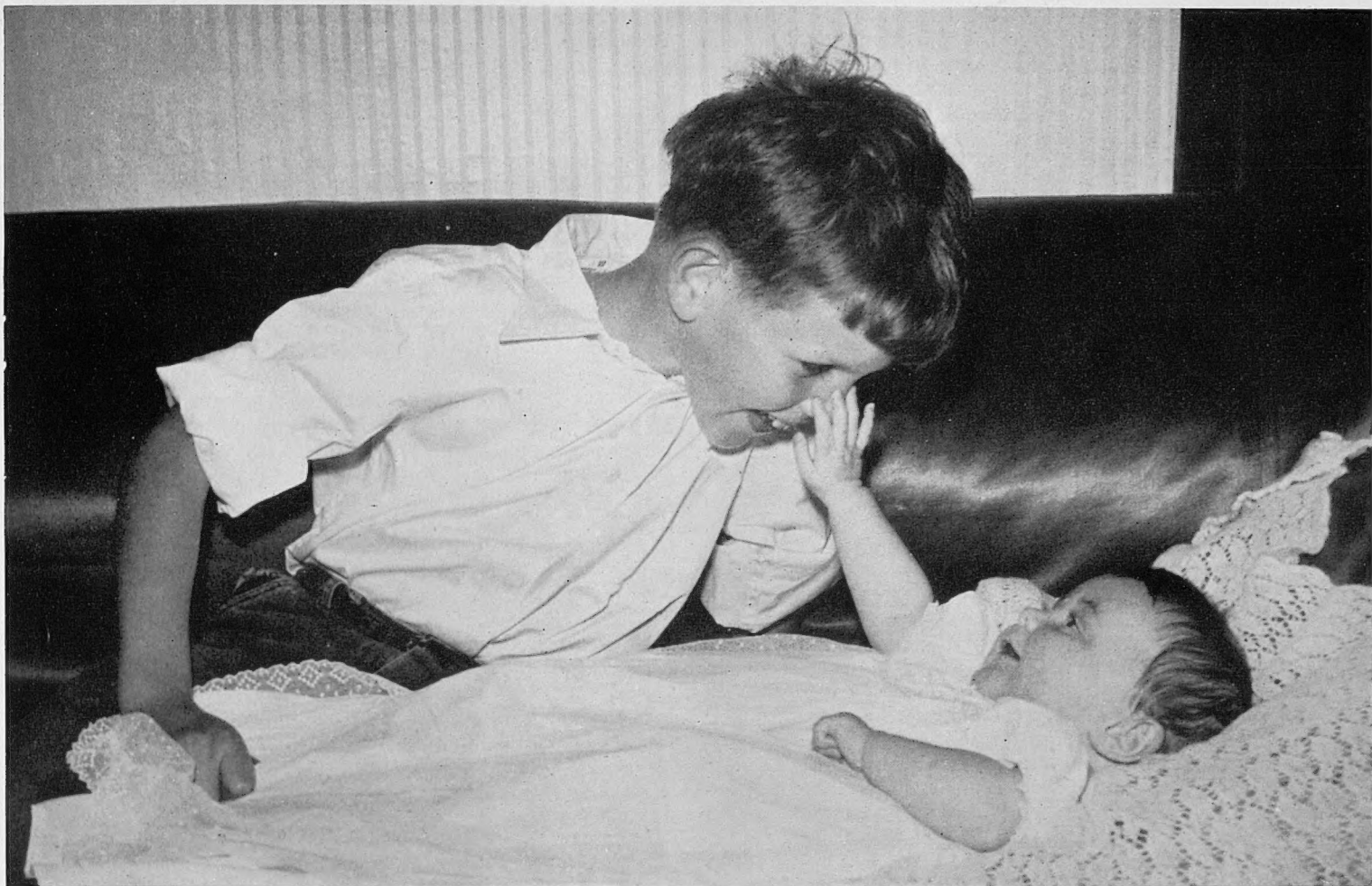


John Sarsfield

LADY CALTHORPE is the wife of the tenth Lord Calthorpe, whom she married in Dublin in June this year. She was formerly Miss Anne Alexander, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Alexander, of Sandycove, Co. Dublin

Vandyk





Betty Swaabe

PETER AND JACQUELINE FELLOWES are the children of the Hon. David and Mrs. Fellowes: Peter is seven and Jacqueline was born last December. Their father is the half-brother of the present Lord De Ramsey and their mother is the daughter of Lt. Sir James Henry Domville, Bt., R.N. This charming photograph was taken at their home in the Channel Islands, La Glinette, St. Aubin, Jersey

Club, in their fine launch Mavroleen to watch the racing. We had a picnic lunch in peaceful Osborne Bay where in the distance we could see many boats of the Dragon Class kedged under a hot sun—admirable conditions for sunbathing but maddening and frustrating if you are sailing to win a race! On our way we had watched Mr. Owen Aisher's Yeoman IV with its caramel and white striped spinnaker battling it out with Lt.-Col. R. S. G. Perry's Vision with her picturesque blue and white striped spinnaker in the race for yachts of the International 5.5-metre class. Vision, who was the ultimate winner that afternoon and won a similar race the following day, is to be one of our representatives at the forthcoming Olympics in Melbourne.

AFTER luncheon we anchored again and watched the boats rounding West Ryde Middle Buoy. Among these were Royal Thames, owned by the Royal Thames Yacht Club syndicate, which was leading and later won the race for yachts of the International 6-metre class from Lt.-Col. J. E. Harrison's nice-looking boat Marylette. In the Swallow class that day I noticed Sir Geoffrey Lowles's Toucan too which was being sailed by Mr. Hugh Wey, and Mr. David Beale at the helm of his Symphony, the ultimate winner. The Hon. Max Aitken passed at the helm of his new boat Papoose, Mr. Kenneth Preston and Mr. Jads Raymond were going well in their Dragon, Tania, in which they gained a winning gun that afternoon and in their race next day. Other Dragons which sailed past us included Lord Fairfax's Serena, Mr. Kenneth McAlpine's Wahoo in which his wife was one of the crew, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Garnham's Sloe Gin who finished third, Mons. G. Hamm, one of the French competitors, in Fugere, Major Philip Colville and Lord Worsley's Foil, Major Robert O'Brien and Mr. Geoffrey Snagge in their Sherry Spinner and Mr. Michael Walker-Munro in his Buccaneer.

Next morning I went along beyond the Squadron platform to watch the start of some of the races, which proved most exciting

and amusing. The wind and currents were such that there was a big advantage in keeping near to the rocks so that there was more than the usual jockeying for position to be able to keep well in and strenuously make short tacks along the shore. Prince Philip who was at the helm of Fairey Fox did not make a rush at the start but quickly moved up, keeping well inshore and making many quick tacks in his handy light boat with her simple rig, then out to sea to eventually win the race as I mentioned earlier. Incidentally, Prince Philip repeated this success the following day and had another winning gun before he left for London and Scotland.

I saw Brig. O. L. Prior-Palmer at the helm of his cutter Sagacious in this race, and Mr. C. J. Sanders in Tyrella who finished second to Fairey Fox.

I HAD tea with the Peruvian Ambassador and his lovely wife Mme. Schreiber on board their fine new yacht Rubea, in which they are spending a holiday with their two young sons. Their guests that afternoon included the Portuguese Ambassador Senhor Pedro Pereira whose love of the sea is renowned; his knowledge of the craft moored around was amazing. We stood and admired Viscount Camrose's magnificent yacht Virginia, the last of the big privately owned yachts to appear at Cowes, and on which the Ambassador had just been lunching. He pointed out to me two of the boats which had taken part in the recent Torbay to Lisbon race for which he had been one of the leading spirits, and had something interesting to say about many of the craft around us. His host for two nights, Sir Hugh Dawson, was at tea, also Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Towers-Clark who had the Peruvian Ambassador and Mme. Schreiber and a big party with them at the Squadron ball next evening, also Countess St. Aldwyn who came ashore to meet Earl St. Aldwyn and Major the Hon. Julian and Mrs. Berry on the Squadron lawn for cocktails later.

Among those I met on this famous lawn during the two days, were the very popular Vice-Commodore the Marquess Camden, Viscount Camrose who was just returning to the Virginia with his brother and sister-in-law, the Hon. Rodney and Mrs. Berry and Princess Joan Aly Khan. Air/Cdre. J. C. Quinell who had a

[Continued overleaf]



successful week sailing *Pirate II*, was there with Mrs. Quinell, her pretty débutante daughter Miss Annabella Drummond, her son and daughter-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Maldwin Drummond and Lady Angela Cecil who was staying with them. Lord and Lady Teynham were sitting on a seat watching the finishes as were Sir Nigel and Lady Colman, while the Earl of Normanton came over one afternoon and was telling friends of his hair-raising experience on a yacht in the Bay of Biscay in the recent storms. Mr. and Mrs. Eskdale Fishburn brought their sons in to tea, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Andreae had a family party, while others greeting friends included the Hon. David and Mrs. Wodehouse who had come over from Bembridge, Mr. J. Crean, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Mansell, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Patrick McLaughlin, Major W. H. Hall and his artistic wife who again did the lovely floral decorations for the Squadron Ball.

ONE of the most interesting moments of my stay was when I went to see the Hon. Max and Mrs. Aitken's new home at Cowes. This was formerly Ratsey and Laphorn's sail yard and store and juts out right over the water. Some of the beams and part of the building date back to the sixteenth century and when Napoleon III was in exile he lived in the front part of the building.

Mr. Aitken, who supervised all the alterations himself, had made it a unique summer home, but at the same time kept the atmosphere and fittings of the old sailyard, including the sail washing tank, the drying rails and the roller on which the enormous sails for big prewar boats like King George V's *Britannia* used to be rolled over to lower them to the ground floor.

There is now a large living-room and balcony over the sea with windows on three sides, several comfortable bedrooms, and a small very modern kitchen off the living-room, all decorated with the gayest and prettiest wallpapers and chintzes. There is also a super drying room, so important if you are sailing enthusiasts as both the Aitkens are. Mrs. Aitken who was looking extremely pretty and very fit after their recent cruise on their big boat *Lumberjack* off Majorca, told me she had already won a race sailing down here this season, and Mr. Aitken was third in his new boat *Papoose* in the Cowes Town Cup the day after I left.

Other sailing enthusiasts I met during my stay included Sir Geoffrey Lowles, chairman of the Olympics Sailing Committee, Lady Lowles, Major and the Hon. Mrs. O'Brien and their daughter Sheila, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Macdonald-Buchanan whose *Sha Sha V* had quite a successful week, Sir Hugh and Lady Longmore, the Hon. Hugh Fraser and the Hon. Antonia Pakenham who came out to watch the racing in Mr. and Mrs. Freemantle's launch, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Gillham who were sailing their sloop *Jobina*, and Mr. and Mrs. E. Ellsworth-Jones whose two pretty daughters were crewing most days. Mr. Ellsworth-Jones left early in the week to collect his new yawl *Casquet* which he had been prevented from getting to Cowes in time for the regatta owing to the very rough weather the previous week.

As in previous years I flew to and from the Isle of Wight, landing at the Bembridge Aero Club. Incidentally, this year there is a service several times daily between Portsmouth and Bem-

bridge, and on Saturdays a direct flight from London to Bembridge. Also a service from Newcastle and Leeds for visitors living in the north.

\* \* \*

COL. and Mrs. L. Whitbread recently gave a most enjoyable coming out dance for their daughter Ann. This took place at their lovely home Abbots Hill, in Hampshire. Unfortunately, as at many parties, this summer bad weather prevented guests enjoying the beautiful garden lit with fairy lights and gay with coloured umbrellas or the barbecue which had been arranged in the garden. But instead they were dancing happily all the evening in the big drawing-room, or the smaller drawing-room which had been turned into a candlelit night club for the evening. Gladioli, pink and white carnations and many garden flowers decorated the rooms, one of which had red and gold masks arranged on the walls, and the bars were amusingly decorated with wine glasses of different shapes and sizes, painted on a red and gold background.

Col. and Mrs. Whitbread received the guests in the study with their daughter Ann who wore the lovely dress she wore at Queen Charlotte's Ball, white, woven with gold thread. Among the young people at this very good party which went on until after 5 a.m. were this year's and last year's débutantes. Among them Miss Penelope Murrough Bernard, Miss Fiona Begg, Miss Felicity Fraser, Miss Camilla Skipwith and her brother Richard, Miss Dawn Malet, Miss Linda Trethowan and her brother Brock. Other young men included Mr. Thomas Boyd-Carpenter, Capt. Bruce Douglas-Hamilton, Mr. Brian Venner who coxed the Oxford boat this year, and Mr. Dominic Barrington Browne.

\* \* \*

THE recent visit of the American Universities Real Tennis Team, which those great games enthusiasts Mr. and Mrs. James H. Van Alen brought over to this country, was a tremendous success. The highlight of the tour was their match against the combined Oxford and Cambridge Team at Lords which finally resulted in a victory for our Combined University Team. The eight young American players were Nicholas S. Ludington Jr. (Captain), Edward P. Harding, Randall W. Hackett and John J. Mortimer Jr. (Harvard), James L. Van Alen 2nd and George L. Unlocks Jr. (Yale), George J. Reindel 3rd (Princeton) and William L. Van Alen Jr. (Pennsylvania).

As there are no real tennis courts at the American Universities the visiting team did very well to win all but one of their matches and only to lose 4-7 to Oxford and Cambridge at Lords. Mr. James Van Alen, who captained the Cambridge Lawn Tennis team in 1924 and with his wife is almost as well known in sporting and social circles in this country as in the United States, has given a challenge cup for this match to be competed for annually—he hoped not always in this country. The deed of gift was made completely elastic, the important thing being to hold the match as often as practical, irrespective of venue.



Mrs. Betty Farquhar, a former M.F.H., and the Duchess of Westminster



Lord Brocket, who has an estate in Co. Kildare, and Miss Nicolette Kindersley



Mrs. Derek Le Poer Trench with the Hon. Mrs. Peter Patrick Hemphill



The night after the Universities match, the team were the guests of the Tennis and Rackets Association to a dinner at the Guards Club which was also attended by the American Ambassador Mr. Winthrop Aldrich who presented the cup to Mr. Michael Searby the Cambridge captain. This very successful tour began with half the team going to Hayling Island to play a match which they won 3-2 and the other half to Queens Club where they beat the Jesters 3-0. Other matches included one at Holyport in Mr. Hubert Martineau's court where they won 7-4, then to Oxford where they had a close victory 5-4. At 4 matches all in the final set Edward Harding had to fight off 9 match points to win the deciding contest.

The team were much impressed by their visit to Oxford; firstly by the court in which Charles II had played, and by the fine architecture of the colleges. They went on to Cambridge where again they were amazed by Trinity Great Court, King's Chapel and other gems of architecture. Here again they won, defeating Cambridge 5-3. The next match was against the M.C.C. captained by Mr. Ronald Aird at Lords which they also won 5-4 after fighting off 4 match points. Then came their first defeat being beaten by Queens Club 5-1 at Queens. In this match Mr. Jimmy Van Alen (who as mentor was responsible for the team's coming over) playing for his old club, Queens, beat his nephew W. L. Van Alen after the latter had to retire owing to pulling a leg muscle. The U.S. team played a match in the Royal Tennis Court of Hampton Court Palace which they won 4-3.

FOUR other matches were at Leamington, Moreton Morrel, where they were the guests of Major James Dance, M.P., who has done so much to keep the game going in the Real Tennis court at Moreton Morrel, in Sir Charles Rose's court at Hardwick, Manchester, and finally Hatfield, the home of the Marquess of Salisbury, who was present at a dinner given that night in honour of the visitors in the Old Dining Hall of Hatfield House.

The eight young players had their first experience of an English debutante's dance when they attended the dance given by Lady Mary Burghley and Mrs. J. C. Quinnell for their debutante daughters at Claridges. There were numerous cocktail parties given in their honour. Among their hosts and hostesses were the American Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich, Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Simpson, Mr. Richard Bridgeman and that greatest of tennis enthusiasts Mr. Anthony Negretti and his wife who gave the party in the Royal Tennis Court at Hampton Court Palace at the match played there. The guests included a number of young girls to meet the team, among them Lady Angela Cecil, Miss Margaret Rose, Miss Jennifer Burrows who came with her father Lt.-Gen. Brocas Burrows, Miss Jennifer Tufton, Miss Jennifer Dawson who came with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Dawson, Miss Annabella Drummond, and Miss Penelope Knapp-Welch who came with her grandfather Mr. Kenneth Hunter, chairman of the Tennis and Rackets Association.

Others present included the Hon. Morys Bruce who recently resigned the Gold Racket at Lords, Capt. Herbert Layman and Mr. Maurice Baring who handled all the arrangements for the tour this side with great tact, efficiency and good humour.



Charles C. Fennell

The Dublin Show was the scene of a great win for Britain this year when the team won the Aga Khan cup. Lt.-Col. Harry Llewellyn is seen here receiving the trophy from H.E. the President of Eire, Mr. S. T. O'Kelly. Next to Col. Llewellyn is Mrs. Bryan Marshall. The Championship of the Show was won by Mr. Tom Dreaper's Man O'War



Miss Iris Kellett jumping her horse Rusty in the open jumping competition of which she was the winner



W/Cdr. Maxwell Coote and Lady Mahon, wife of Sir G. Mahon



Miss Diana Kirkpatrick from Co. Down and Miss Everleigh Panter



Jenny Bullen and Elizabeth Hodgson, two young competitors from England



Miss J. Fowler on Champion Pony, Moonbeam





*Miss Dominica More O'Ferrall, Mr. Anthony Horton, Miss Caroline Metcalf, Mr. Michael Day and Miss Patricia Day*

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*Mr. Edward Davison and Miss Tessa Davison, Mr. P. Brown with Miss Joy Thomas*



*Miss Marie-Louise Pinfold and Mr. Andrew Knight were among those present*



*Miss J. Manvel was dancing with Mr. Clive Beck*



*Miss Anne Crow was partnered by Mr. Michael Gwynne*

## BALL FOR SCHOOLS

OVER four hundred guests attended the annual Catholic Public Schools Ball which was held this year at the Hyde Park Hotel. Old boys of Beaumont, Ampleforth, Downside, Oratory, Douai and Stoneyhurst and their partners spent the evening dancing and meeting old friends



*Miss Susan Sweeney, Mr. Paul Metcalf, Miss Sherry Horton and Mr. John Bidwell*



*Miss Susan Thompson, Mr. Martin Thompson, Miss Angela Lang and Mr. Cavill Lowish were standing on the stairs*

*Desmond O'Neill*



# YOUNG RIDERS GO DANCING

THE Cottesmore Junior Hunt Ball was held at Alexton Hall, near Uppingham, recently. This was the second very successful ball given for the younger members of the hunt and their friends



Mrs. Thomas Fairhurst, in whose home the ball was held, with Mr. James Fairhurst



A general view of the east side of Alexton Hall and the gardens which had been floodlit for the occasion



M. D. Cooper, Miss Starr Anker-Simmons, Miss R. Saul and A. Luke Smith



Mr. Alistair Haywood, Miss Priscilla Berry and Miss Sally Bourne watch from above



Miss Caroline Cardwell and Mr. David Thomas standing beside the lily pond



Miss Mary Wright, Miss Jane Tilney, Mr. Peter Hoos and Mr. Kenwyn Wright



Mr. Christopher Buxton, Miss Jennifer Cooper, Mr. Julian Bevan and Miss Paola di Revel



Miss Angela Brooke and her brother Mr. Lionel Brooke from Sussex

Van Hallan





*Above are typical fishing boats to be found along the Costa del Sol. At night they are used for sardine fishing. Below: another method used when fishing in shallow water*



## The far south of Spain

IT often strikes me that the traveller arriving in Spain for the first time may find it at variance with the gay and vivid land of popular imagination. The fact is, however, that there are many Spains, for Spain is an immense country and presents within its frontiers an astounding diversity of scene. For the Spain of romantic fiction one must go to the far south, where *lo típico*—the characteristic—is everywhere, blinding sunshine, dazzling whitewashed houses and fountained *patios*, gipsy dancers and castanets, guitar-playing flamenco singers, that half-Moorish, half-Spanish amalgam of Africa and Europe that pervades the air with its own peculiar intensity of atmosphere.

This sense of apartness is emphasized by distance, for the south of Spain is a long way away, farther south than the northern shores of Tunisia, and it is advisable to travel by air to save time and fatigue. And, indeed, money too, for the new night excursion fare to Gibraltar represents a remarkable travel bargain at only £37 return, a saving of nearly £14 on the ordinary fare of £50-17s.; from Gibraltar B.E.A. operate a connecting road service which will speed you to anywhere along the Mediterranean coastline known as the Costa del Sol, but £5 return is expensive for a journey of fifty or sixty miles, particularly when you can save all but about 30s. by using the perfectly comfortable public buses which start from just across the border a mile away.

One other way of saving money is to change your travellers' cheques into pesetas at Gibraltar since you will obtain a better rate of exchange than the official Spanish one, the current figure being about 119.50 pesetas to the pound instead of 110, although compared with some other parts of Spain today, notably the Costa Brava and the Balearics, the Costa del Sol remains inexpensive, and at the improved exchange rate you can live in great comfort for between a pound and thirty shillings a day.

SOME very pleasant hotels have been opened along this seaboard lately. Coming from the direction of Gibraltar, the first is the Santa Marta, just outside the pleasant old town of Estepona, which is built on the motel plan with separate living chalets dotted about its grounds. There are other hotels near planned on the same system, the most popular perhaps being the El Rodeo near Marbella, a watering-place almost as popular as the better-known resort of Torremolinos near Malaga. El Rodeo is noted for its



first-class restaurant; another excellent open-type hotel is the Marbella Club, standing beside its own private beach in a glorious garden. The inclusive cost here is 25s. per day plus the usual service charge of 15 per cent.

At Calahonda, another of the many pretty fishing villages along the coast, is a most attractive hotel, the Alhamar. It stands back from its own magnificent sandy beach in a pine forest that gives it welcome shade from the blaring summer sun; the hotel has a delicious open-air dance-floor. But the Alhamar is rather more expensive than most and you might prefer to go on to Torremolinos where there is a wider choice. The cliff-top Santa Clara, built round a courtyard, is most agreeable and full pension is about a guinea a day, while just outside the village there is a new motel—called El Motel—and another new British-owned hotel, the Lloyd, which is said to be excellent. Torremolinos, however, is being fast developed as a resort, and if you want to escape your fellow countrymen you should go on past Malaga to the coast lying to the east.

THIS is much less known and its sub-tropical exoticism puts one in mind of the North African shore which it faces. The towns and villages retain the primitive aspect of Moorish days. The only hotels are to be found at Rincon de la Victoria, twelve miles east of Malaga, Almunecar, and Motril, the last town on the Costa del Sol.

It would, however, be a mistake to spend all your time idling about the beaches of the Costa del Sol when there is so much to see inland, and I would recommend seeing at least something of Andalusia, though in summer it can be terribly hot and travelling extremely tiring, and the best time to visit it is in spring or late autumn. Then perhaps Granada, my favourite of all the cities of Spain, is to be seen at its best. You leave the flamboyance of Malaga, and climb up towards the Sierra Nevada, that unexpected mountain range with its eternal snows lying 12,000 feet above the Mediterranean shores.

Below the Sierra Nevada lies the city of Granada. The pink-tinted walls of its famous Alhambra stand on a hill above the city, their massive solidity belying the fantastic delicacy of the intricate plasterwork within, and these enchanted halls and courtyards exercise an effect that is quite incapable of being conveyed in definition. Perhaps that is why the Alhambra is in the last resort unphotogenic: so much of it is scent and sound, the ceaseless murmur of running water, with the strangely oriental wind of the city below rising upon the hushed air. Nothing in Europe can be quite as paganly sensual, yet the Alhambra is not so for the Generalife—the summer palace of the former Moorish sultans—is in some ways even more lovely.

In the European tradition is the great cathedral in which lie the tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella, the joint sovereigns who were responsible for the final expulsion of the Moors from Spanish soil. There is in the cathedral a very fine collection of tapestry paintings.

In Granada, don't for preference stay in the city but upon the hill of the Alhambra, where the Parador de San Francisco, a former convent now run by the Spanish State Tourist Department as a hotel, provides perfect tranquillity and comfort, though there are few rooms to let and it is essential to book as long ahead as possible. If it is full, then try the Hotel Washington or the new Residencia Carlos V down below in the town.

ANDALUSIA's other great city is Seville. For most people the fascination of this famous place lies in its old quarter, the *barrio* of Santa Cruz, a maze of narrow, trafficless alleys and tiny squares, of old whitewashed houses with grilled windows, beyond the doorways of which you can see the cool *patios*, scented with mimosa, jasmine, roses and bougainvillea. Then there is the immense fifteenth-century cathedral, surpassed in size only by St. Peter's itself: it contains magnificent paintings and some of the finest decorative ironwork in the world. When choosing a place to stay, I recommend the Alfonso XIII—otherwise known as the Andalusian Palace—which is expensive but one of the best hotels in the country and supremely comfortable, though the old-fashioned Madrid here is good too, and I hear the inexpensive Biarritz is excellent.

On your way back to Gibraltar try to break your journey at Jerez de la Frontera, which is perhaps the loveliest little town in all Spain and there could be no pleasanter last memory of this fascinating country before you return to the prosaic surroundings of everyday England.

—Richard Graham



*The patio in the Parador San Francisco at Granada; the hotel, now state-run, was originally a monastery. Below: the famous Courtyard of the Lions in the fascinating and beautiful Alhambra above Granada*



*Douglas Clarke*





"Go ahead and laugh . . . but I've seen him do wonders with a dead battery"

## Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

THIS is the time of year when the London clubs take one another in, turn and turn about, and the disconsolate members of those whose turn it is to be given house-room find, invariably, that the food is better at their hosts' table than at their own, now suffering its annual sprucing, and wonder why their own house-committee cannot buck its ideas up, and do as well.

LET the forlorn Ishmaelites stifle their envy and their criticisms; their hosts will say just the same sort of thing when it is the turn of *their* establishment to be cleaned, and they have to stretch *their* legs under alien mahogany.

There are no great club eccentrics these days, that I know of, and in those far-off days when cards and rum fellows did abound in Piccadilly and Pall Mall, and the alleys in between, the great West End clubs had not yet found it necessary to institute the system of reciprocal hospitality that is now the general rule. For in those days clubs

could close in August for cleaning, secure in the knowledge that at such a season no member worth bothering about would be in London to require its amenities. So the problem didn't arise, in a host-club, of this or that oddity from across the way who would sit only in a certain chair; or the problem of how to appease their own pet idiosyncratic whose sacred chair had been ignorantly filched by an interloping temporary member.

NOR would the secretary be embarrassed by the club servants not knowing that old General So-and-So, among their guests, had to have his change warmed in hot water before it was handed to him; or by his members looking askance at the character immortalized in the history of the Union Club, whose habit in that august institution was to dabble his feet in a finger-bowl in the coffee-room over dinner, and wipe them on a napkin. It was as well, too, that there was no period of exile for the ancient gentleman whose habit it was to wear his top-hat at all

meals, for he would have been regarded, for a month, as a tedious old boor, instead of as the dear old chap with innocently engaging eccentricities that he was to his fellow-members.

Now, of course, we are all submerged in a dreary uniformity of behaviour, and we are hard put to it to know, during the August cleaning, who is a fellow-member and who a host or a guest, as the case may be. It is a long time since the senior members of any club would glower, on principle, at every face they didn't recognize, just in case it came, on sufferance, from another club, and wasn't that of a new member of their own.

★ ★ ★

MR. H. G. NICHOLAS, the Oxford lecturer in politics, whom we saw on television commenting on the General Election, has had the amusing idea of collecting into a book, *To The Hustings*, a baker's dozen of election scenes from English fiction—from Peacock, by way of



Disraeli and Meredith and Wells (not forgetting Eatanswill, of course), to Hilaire Belloc and Robin Cruikshank.

How robustly satirical the Victorian novelists were about the "excitements, humours and scandals of the hustings"—and how tiresome, incidentally, the earlier ones are with their fabricately descriptive proper names, from Samuel Warren's Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse to Trollope's Mr. Neeft, the tailor.

Among the political novelists of our own time, Hilaire Belloc provides an awful warning of how wrong a satirical prophet can be. The scenes from *Mr. Clutterbuck's Election* quoted here, written in 1908, and purporting to describe an election in the then near future, women having been given the vote, portrays "the female or lady electors, who had during daylight remained concealed," coming out with the fall of evening, heavily veiled, and adds that "in deference to the strong feeling which the sex entertains upon this matter, the returning officer had permitted the presence of pet dogs in the polling booths."

Belloc's lively imagination should have comprehended the advent of campaigners as ready to brave the light of day as Lady Anor and Mrs. Braddock, even if he was not to foresee that baby-sitting would prove a bigger problem than where to park one's pet poodle.

\* \* \*

WHO, I wonder, is London's senior cellarman? A recent note of mine on George Elliott, *maitre caviste* at the Café Royal, where he has been since 1923, prompted a reader to introduce me to Luigi Spagna, at Quaglino's, who began at the old Café Royal himself, and went to manage the cellars in Bury Street—Quaglino's was then the St. James's Palace Hotel—in 1913, when he was a mere stripling of twenty-two or so. He has been there ever since, and thinks he may well hold the record, in these parts, for unbroken service in one cellar.

One of his friends and colleagues, though, would know whom I was talking about if I went on referring to Luigi

### "TURN RIGHT AT THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS". THEY LIED."

The gentle night succeeds the day.  
I think that I have lost my way.  
Oh, what a tangled woof we weft,  
Who can't distinguish right from left—  
Directions, lucid as can be,  
Are useless, if the directee  
Has very little brain to spare,  
And can't afford a taxi-fare.

And now the rain is coming down.  
I do not love you, London town.  
The streets are full of dead-end kids,  
And dreaded dark, and dustbin-lids.  
The time is getting ripe, when I  
Must ask the way from passers-by.  
I am prepared to bet my soul  
That the first person I stop will either be a  
man with no roof to his mouth, or a Pole.  
—Francis Kinsman

Spagna: he is known to everybody as "Tripoli"—even official communications within the firm are addressed to him under that name—for he fought there against the Turks in 1912, a conscript in the Italian Army, and was wounded as a corporal in the Seventh Infantry.

THAT desert campaign of nearly half a century ago, forgotten here—for the partisan books by British war correspondents on either side, this one accusing the Italians and that one the Turks (and both probably with justice) of hideous atrocities, were all thrown impatiently aside when our own war of 1914 broke out—is still fresh in Tripoli's mind. We sat in his excellent cellar the other day, over a glass apiece of crisp, cool Niersteiner, and my host recalled for me the heat and the sand; how he wore a thick green uniform and a képi (though the Bersaglieri wore the cocks' feathers of their corps in the pith helmets of the period, as I was to see their sons, a generation later, with the same glossy feathers in their British-style steel helmets;) and how they were given salt cod to eat, which made them thirsty—and nothing to drink.

It was all hot, dangerous, and disagreeable, I gathered, though Tripoli speaks of his conscription into the Italian Army of those days with a certain grudging gratitude: his calling-up papers

arrived from Italy just in time to prevent his accepting a job in the Titanic, with a couple of his friends from Soho, whom he never saw again.

"Homs; el Agheila; Benghazi; Tobruk," chants Tripoli, waving a deprecatory hand: "all those places the British fought through in the last war;" he says, in the North Italian accent that half a century of living in Soho has never eradicated: "I done all that job."

Tripoli comes from the bilingual Val d'Aosta, so that although he speaks English with an Italian accent, he speaks French pretty much like a Frenchman, pronounces "champagne" as a Frenchman would, and still calls burgundy "bourgogne." All of which lends flavour to his commentary on the changes he has seen in drinking habits—how we drink less than half the champagne, he reckons, that our fathers did forty years ago, and how the consumption of burgundy has gone up at the expense not only of champagne but of claret, too. What does he drink himself? He admits—after a patriotic gesture towards the red wines of Northern Italy: Barolo and Chianti—to a liking for a glass of Guinness.

\* \* \*

"WHAT's for dinner?" I asked my wife, and she answered, "Potatoes and point"—a reply she had learned, she told me, from an impatient nanny in the long-ago, and which she was surprised I had never heard before, nor knew the meaning of. So I was driven to consult the incomparable Dr. Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, and found "to dine on potatoes and point" defined as "a very meagre dinner indeed," deriving from the days when even salt was too dear for some folk, who would tell their children to point their potato at the empty salt-cellar, and eat it. The joke, went on the solemnly industrious Brewer, who never leaves well alone, "lies in the allusion to a *point-steak*, which is the best portion."

Let me be fair to my poor wife: we did better, that evening, than point our potatoes at an empty salt-cellar.

BRIGGS . . . . . by Graham





# FRUSTRATION COMES TO THE BALLET

• Kieran Tunney •



I SET out to see the first performance of *Les Deux Errants*, by the Festival Ballet, with a light heart. So much new blood would, I felt sure, provide something stimulating to offset the dreariness of our English summer. A young choreographer, Wolfgang Brunner, was to unveil his first effort with Belinda Wright, the company's youthful ballerina, in the leading rôle. The music and décor promised freshness, too, since both had been entrusted to comparative newcomers to the ballet world—Bill Russo and Dan Snyder respectively.

ALAS, the ballet turned out to be far from original, with uninspired movement, thin music and the kind of modernist setting which went out with the cloche hat. *Les Deux Errants*, that familiar mixture of prewar symbolism, made popular in the late twenties and early thirties by Graham and Jooss, an American theatre of the Depression School. It concerns two lost souls striving to overcome frustration.

The wave of self-pity which has swept every branch of the theatre (Lost Souls Constantly Looking Back In Anger) is not only exhausting but, to those seeking entertainment, rather than boring explanations for bad manners and behaviour, infinite tedious. The ballet as well as the theatre must certainly present serious as well as light pieces; but surely we could occasionally be offered something other than Frustration, Anxiety and Neurosis! A work with a clearly defined beginning, middle and end for example would make a welcome change.

THE directors of the many ballet companies might, with advantage, try to encourage their choreographers to employ writers to supply them with scenarios. Looking back over the Diaghileff programmes, it is clear that the choreographers have developed greatly benefited from plots and ideas commissioned from the writers of the day.

I am told that present-day choreographers are so sensitive that the mere suggestion that they should work on an idea other than their own produces temperamental cries about the freedom of the artist, with the result that they are permitted to fritter money away on pseudo-intellectualism. Could it not be explained to them that ballet is, primarily, an entertainment; that the works which draw the public are, on the whole, still those created by men such as Petipa, Fokine and Massine—none of whom considered it beneath their dignity to call upon sources other than their own imaginations.

OWING to the indisposition of the French guest artists, Josette Clavier and Jean-Pierre Alban, the leading rôles in the second act of *Swan Lake* when I saw it were danced by Toni Lander and Flemming Flindt, two Danish members of the company. The dancing by the principals, and indeed by the entire company, was notably effortless if lacking in the magical quality required.

This was mainly due to the production; for plot and characterization were more or less discarded. Dances from other acts were inserted haphazardly to provide a field day of technical fireworks. There is nothing especially wrong with this but why not go the whole hog and cut the vague efforts at sticking to the plot? Von Rotbart looked like a frightened sparrow, and the miming scenes were impatiently performed. It would be simpler to present the item as dances from *Swan Lake*. This would be more honest and would indicate a respect for a classical work which has been a mainstay of companies for nearly eighty years.



Belinda Wright is the leading dancer in the new ballet *Les Deux Errants*. The choreography was done by Wolfgang Brunner

Flemming Flindt (left) who has been dancing with the Festival Ballet is a dancer from Denmark



Michael Hogan (right) is the principal male dancer. The ballet's music is by Bill Russo





Mrs. Mary Russell and Mrs. Rex Janson watching the races



Lady Lowles was talking to Lady Fairfax of Cameron



Mrs. John Raymond was with Miss Santa Raymond

## Yachting enthusiasts have their week of the year

COWES in regatta week was as usual thronged with keen yachtsmen and women, not only from the British Isles, but from all parts of Europe and America. In spite of the perversity of the English summer, there was both sun and stiff breezes to be had on most days. Jennifer writes about Cowes Week on page 332

Miss Jane Clark and Mr. Desmond Stratton



Mrs. Geoffrey Blake and Mrs. Geoffrey Gilbert



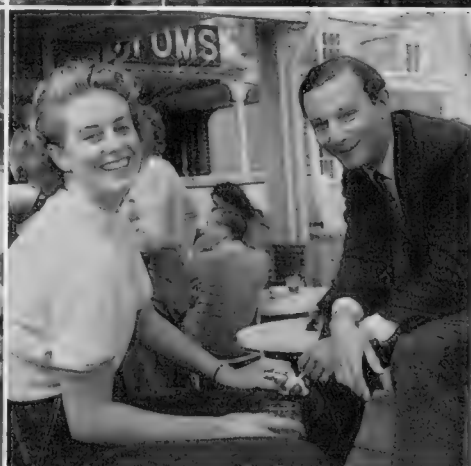
Photographs by  
Gabor Denes



Above: Mr. Donald Legg, Mr. James Talbot, the Hon. Mrs. Walker-Munro, Mr. Maclure Payne and Miss Shelagh O'Brien. Below: Mr. Geoffrey Glanville, Mrs. Geoffrey Gilbert and Mr. Geoffrey Dunn



Mr. and Mrs. Keith George at the Island Sailing Club



Miss Ann Gyrsting in conversation with Mr. John Goddard





Priscilla of Paris

## BATHING A LA MODE

A WEARY young creature arrived at the Island by the evening boat at the beginning of the week. She had an exhausted, an almost agonized air. Her face seemed familiar and suddenly I recognized the erstwhile bonny granddaughter of an old journalistic friend of mine. "Child, what have you been doing?" I anxiously inquired. "Dress-shows! Gran simply couldn't face them this year," she gasped, and I realized that her case was serious.

Two days of the best brand of Island weather (it didn't last!) brought her back to life, however. I found her resting in the shade of the pine trees that so opportunely grow almost down to the edge of the sea on the quiet beaches of the Atlantic coast. "Quiet" in comparison with the boats-for-hire-post-cards-souvenirs-main beach where the steamer arrives. Incredible as it may seem, there really are people who come by boat rather than wait for low tide when one may cross to the Island by wheelbarrow, carriage, cart or car . . . and even on foot, dry shod!

THE "child" was wearing a black, one-piece bathing suit, smart and vastly becoming to her pretty figure; such a pleasant sight after all the strip-tease costumes that, for so many seasons now, have revealed so much that it would have been preferable to hide. I congratulated her on her charming appearance and she was amused. "Gran tells me," said she, "that this is an instance of 'the Complete circle' in the matter of bathing attire. Exactly fifty years ago, in the August of 1906, at Le Touquet, only it seems that the place was called Paris-Plage in those days, she wore exactly the same costume as this except that hers was made of silk jersey and this is nylon. The Grundies were shocked to the marrow of their bones! After the baggy, blue-serge, white-braided costumes that had been *en vogue* till then, Gran's one-piece, skin-tight *maillot* was considered so improper that the authorities made the diffident suggestion that, perhaps, a little skirt (no matter how short) and, maybe, a sailor collar coming over the shoulders would be very charming."

REMEMBERING my old friend as she was, even some years later, I grinned, so did her granddaughter as she continued: "A week later all the *beau-monde* of Paris-Plage wore suits like Gran's, and white-braided blue serge had departed for ever . . .!" "Unless," I murmured, thinking of some of the sketches of the "new" fashions I have seen already, "... unless one of the Master Minds of *la Mode*, led by Chanel, for instance, decides to revert to the long past days of Poiret!"

Pierre Balmain seems to be inclined that way. His coats and capes with their cosy, voluminous collars take us back to the portraits of Boldini and the languorous ladies of d'Annunzio's novels. One feels grateful to Madeleine De Rauche for her sports clothes because they, at least, are practical and easy to wear and evoke no pre-other-war nostalgic memories.

I closely catechized the child about what she had seen in Paris, but she was evasive. All the collections are as lovely and costly as ever. They all show the various "differences of opinion" that will allow us to wear what we like so long as we wear it well. In short, it is not the clothes that matter, it is the way they are worn! A comforting thought for slender figures with still more slender purses!

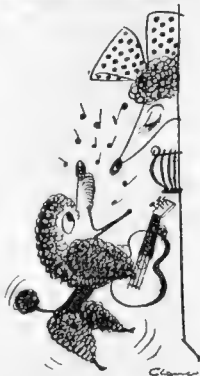
MAURICE CHEVALIER is a household word, epitomizing the essence of "*l'esprit gaulois*." Certainly in the mind of most Englishmen he conjures up the gaiety, insouciance, romanticism combined with common sense, and hint of "naughtiness," which they associate with Paris and Parisians. He has the gift of holding an audience amused and entranced

Photograph by Bernard of Hollywood



F. J. Goodman

MLLE. CATHERINE D'AULAN is the youngest daughter of the late Marquis d'Aulan and of la Baronne d'Ales: her mother is the wife of General the Baron d'Ales. They divide their time between an apartment in the rue du General Appert in Paris and a house at Rheims











## At the Theatre

# CHEKHOV WITH A SMILE

"THE SEAGULL" (Saville). Diana Wynyard plays Irina Arkadina, a ruthlessly selfish and showy actress, fighting against oncoming age, Nina (Perlita Neilson) is as easily hurt as all true innocents, Peter Sorin (George Relph), brother of Irina, views life from a bathchair, Lyndon Brook is Konstantin, Irina's complex son, and Hugh Williams plays Boris Trigorin, the mediocre weak-willed novelist. Below: David Bird as Ilya Shamrayev, Sorin's estate agent. Drawings by Emmwood

OLD plays, though not old pictures according to some painters, are all the better for a good cleaning from time to time. One reason for the popularity of the Saville Theatre revivals is that each play revived so far has been given a stimulating new look. *The Wild Duck* emerged not as the familiar portentous morality but as a dazzling satire. *The Rivals*, rescued from the school audience atmosphere, quite regained its eighteenth-century legs as an adult frolic. It is Mr. Michael Macowan's turn to apply the cleaning process to *The Seagull*. His treatment discloses a case against the accepted belief that Chekhov can be played exquisitely only if the stage is gently and persistently suffused with poetic melancholy. He sets the piece moving in a dry, unsentimental light as a compassionate but comic study of several kinds of mediocrity which we may enjoy with detached amusement until our hearts are fairly wrung by the little actress's farewell to her youthful love and her dreams of fame.

It would be absurd, of course, to assert that the poetic approach through which we have arrived at some hauntingly lovely productions can ever be considered wrong, and Mr. Macowan is the last person to be guilty of such absurdity. His suggestion simply is that it is not the only approach. Chekhov by all accounts was a very merry fellow, and he constantly complained that the great Stanislavski and the Moscow Art Theatre conspired in the interests of a theory of acting to take him far too sadly.

WE have tended for reasons of our own to side with the sentimental producer against the protesting author. For since they disputed about the fine shades of interpretation the society which Chekhov depicts with smiling, affectionate irony has been swept into limbo. The creeping shadows of its doom are plainer to us than they were to the people threatened, and they have perhaps helped to obscure the comedy. Now Mr. Macowan invites us to ignore shadows that are chiefly conjured up in our own sympathetic imaginations; to assume for once that the author knew very well what he was about; and to pay particular attention to the old doctor who so patiently contemplates his patients with their tantrums and imaginary symptoms of "success" or "failure" and invariably prescribes valerian drops, not that they will do any

good but because they are as good as anything else for incurable mediocrity. The truth at which this production aims comes very near to the truth as the old doctor sees it.

THE producer is aptly supported by his company, and he has the great advantage of working with a new translation made by Mr. David Magarshack, who uses plain, racy, modern English and is obviously inclined to stress the comic elements of the play. Madame Arkadina, the idol of the provincial stage, is often presented as an appealing, pathetically fading creature. Miss Diana Wynyard plays her mercilessly as an unfeeling showy actress, vulgar in her vanity and strident in her bickerings. She can put on an act to break down the weak will of a lover who wants his freedom and drive home her victory with a piece of viciousness masquerading as magnanimity; she can do a little perfunctory mothering of her son who has just tried to shoot himself; but she is incapable of understanding the over-intense youth and none of the serious events of the play makes any real impression on her mind.

But Miss Wynyard brings the character sharply to focus alike in the famous quarrel between Madame Arkadina and her son and in the no less famous scene of the mistress wheedling Trigorin out of his infatuation for Nina. Mr. Lyndon Brook is good as the son, Mr. Hugh Williams excellent as Trigorin. Something in the character of the successful but second-rate novelist who so casually destroys Nina seizes the imagination of this actor who usually contrives to avoid emotionalism. He brings out what is pathetic as well as repulsive in him. Miss Perlita Neilson makes a charming and touching little figure as Nina, the nervous and inexperienced actress of the mimic play scene (which is played for laughter), and she rises surprisingly well to the difficult final scene in which the "seagull" realizes that now—all her dreams gone away—she is an actress or nothing, whether fated for fame or obscurity. Mr. George Relph is amazing as the old man without a past, and Mr. Nicholas Hannan remembers that he is the one level-headed character in the play.

—Anthony Cookman







## STRATFORD'S NEW STAR

MARGARET JOHNSTON, whose delicate beauty and distinctive talents as an actress have been seen far too rarely, has come into her own at Stratford this year. She has made the outstanding single success of the 1956 season, a very considerable achievement, in view of the fact that she has never before played in Shakespeare. She is seen as Portia, the role in which she made her debut and particular success, though her portrayal of the tragic Desdemona is one of the most moving in memory. The season closes on December 1 this year

*Photograph by  
Angus McBean*





*Viscountess Cowdray presents the Cowdray Gold Cup to Senor Antonio Heguy, captain of the victorious Los Indios team from Argentina, while Viscount Cowdray looks on*

THERE was a fine finish to the Goodwood Week Polo Tournament at Cowdray when Cowdray Park played Los Indios, the visiting team from Argentina, in the final of the Cowdray Gold Cup. This was a memorable game, especially as Cowdray had beaten the Argentinians in two important matches previously, and after some first-class polo victory went to Los Indios, who won by nine goals to four after leading 4-2 at half time. There was one of the biggest attendances this year to watch the match, and the large crowd saw Lady Cowdray present the gold cup to the victors after the final whistle. Right: The players in action; Juan Harriete, Los Indios back, Rao Raja Hanut Singh, Cowdray No. 3, and Jorge Mareno, Los Indios No. 1, galloping hard and fast towards the Cowdray goal

## AN EXCITING POLO FINAL AT COWDRAY



*Mr. Rojas Lanusse and Miss Judy Forwood, a Harrison Cup player*



*Mrs. Pam Wyndham with Mr. C. Smith Ryland, Cowdray Park No. 2*

*Mr. A. G. Boyd Gibbins and Mr. Wyndham Lacey of the Silver Leys*



*Senor Jose Nagore was with Senor Antonio Heguy of Los Indios*



*Mr. John Lakin, who Cowdray Park, with T*







*Desmond O'Neill*

*at back of  
Mrs. L...*

*Mr. J. Benitz, who umpired the final, and  
Lt.-Col. P. R. Tatham, the polo manager*

*Mrs. W. H. D. Riley-Smith and Miss Dominie  
Riley-Smith watch from the top of their car*







EVELYN LAYE and her husband Frank Lawton are delighting viewers of the I.T.V. programmes with their fortnightly series *My Husband And I*. This famous musical star was last seen in *Wedding In Paris* at the Hippodrome



### THREE TELEVISION PERSONALITIES

Betty McDowall (above right) the young Australian actress plays a leading part in the thriller *The Crimson Ramblers* which has a seaside concert party setting. June Whitfield (right), celebrated as the immortal "Eth" in *Take It From Here*, will be seen in a new musical autobiography on August 29 called *The Straker Special* in which she stars with singer Denis Quilley on I.T.V.



Katharine Hepburn and Bob Hope show that the sparks do indeed fly upward when East meets West in the person of a famous Russian flyer and her American counterpart astride the Iron Curtain

### At the Pictures

## SILK AND STEEL WOOL

### Elsbeth Grant

THE name of Mr. Ben ("Song in my heart") Hecht, large, scarlet and solitary, figures proudly among the credit titles introducing *The Iron Petticoat*; one gathers that, storywise, this little number is something he ran up single-handed. For a great many people this is all that need be said about the picture, but I am, however, willing to bet that the majority of Mr. Bob Hope's lines had nothing to do with Mr. Hecht; if they were not tacked on by that huddle of gag-writers which, it has been whispered, follows Mr. Hope about as faithfully as Mary's little lamb, then I will eat my hat. They are good gags but they give the film the sort of texture you'd get by interweaving natural silk with steel wool. It would not surprise me if Miss Katharine Hepburn, Mr. Hope's co-star, found *The Iron Petticoat* something of a hair shirt.

Miss Hepburn plays a U.S.S.R. Army pilot who arrives by Mig in the Western sector of Berlin. She has taken pet because a male pilot was given prior promotion but, as she assures the American military authorities who receive her, she is still a good Communist. She cannot be bought for Democracy with the hundred-thousand dollar bribe the Americans are willing (apparently) to present to Russian deserters, so Mr. Hope, a U.S. Air Force captain, is detailed to win her over by persuasion, as a matter of patriotism. ("Patriotism! Let's not have any commercials," says Mr. Hope.)

He has been planning to visit his aristocratic English fiancée (Miss Noelle Middleton) so he cunningly convinces his C.O. that it would be an excellent idea to subject Miss Hepburn to the subversive atmosphere of London. ("If I'm not back in seven days—send more money," says Mr. Hope, as he and Miss Hepburn take their departure.)

MISS HEPBURN, succumbing to the insidious allure of black lace lingerie and luxury hotels, becomes exquisitely feminine—and, of course, she falls in love with Mr. Hope. As his fiancée turns out to be nothing but a gold-digger, you will have no difficulty in guessing that Mr. Hope and Miss Hepburn will be paired off in the end. The only trouble is, they're a pair so unevenly matched.

Miss Hepburn, once she has abandoned her uniform and the overdone martial manner that goes with it, becomes a real woman: she is tender, touching and, in an awful moment of disillusion and humiliation, even tragic. Mr. Hope, whose expertly thrown-away wisecracks glitter like a shower of sequins,



## OWNER OF A VERY GUILTY CONSCIENCE

Terry-Thomas plays Boughtflower, a gentleman whose conscience gives him nervous trouble when there is talk of a murder at "The Green Man," which is the title of the new *Lauder and Gilliat* comedy to be seen in London in September. The film stars Alastair Sim as a veritable prince of assassins, George Cole and glamorous Jill Adams

remains, throughout, himself—the machine-turned star-comedian par excellence. How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away.

Ralph Thomas, directing, has introduced a number of novel and felicitous touches and the film is, in spasms, entertaining enough—but it cannot compare with *Ninotchka* and, unfortunately, by the nature of its subject, it does invite such comparison. The sad fact is, a mixture of comedy and farce just will not jell.

**I**N THE Miss Mandy Miller, whom you doubtless remember from the film in which she played, so heartrendingly, a deaf and dumb six-year-old, has the title rôle in *Child In The House*. While she may have been, in that first film, a "suggestible" small girl responding to direction, it is obvious from this one that she is an accomplished actress.

Miss Miller's mother is ill and in hospital and her father, Mr. Stanley Baker, is away on some mysterious business—so she is sent to stay with an aunt, Miss Phyllis Calvert, and an uncle, Mr. Eric Portman. The couple have no children of their own and do not know how to cope with the little girl: Miss Calvert, playing an unsympathetic part for the first time, as far as I can remember, is particularly at a loss. She seems far from pleased at having the child on her hands.

It transpires that Miss Miller's father is on the run from the police—and that Miss Calvert was in love with him before she married Mr. Portman, fourteen years ago, which accounts for the hatred she now neurotically bears him.

The poor child is quite baffled by the strange behaviour of the grown-ups surrounding her, but her devotion and loyalty to her parents shine out like a little beacon. In its light Mr. Portman sees his loveless marriage for what it is and Miss Calvert sees herself for what *she* is—and I dare say they live happily ever after, despite every indication to the contrary.

The dialogue is deplorably tepid—except in the scene where Mr. Portman turns upon his wife: there, as delivered by this masterly actor, it fairly scalds. Miss Miller, her brow knotted in perplexity, is appealing and credible—and Miss Dora Bryan, that darling comedienne, gives a ravishingly impudent performance as a Cockney maid.

**I**T SEEMED possible from the title and the presence of the siren Signorina Sophia Loren in the cast, that *The Sign Of Venus* would be another of those torrid, X-Certificate Italian films of which, I confess, I am a little tired. It is, surprisingly, a most enjoyable, amusing and sometimes affecting piece about a plain Italian girl, Signorina Franca Valeri, who works in the Travelers' Club in Rome as a typist.

She pines for romance and it's rather depressing for her that most of the men she meets fall for the striking proportions of her cousin, Signorina Loren—whose hip measurement and manipulation are indeed something to catch the eye.

Signor Peppino de Filippo, a photographer at the Club, Signor Alberto Sordi, a slug-like spiv, and Signor Raf Vallone, a well-set-up lorry driver, all of whom Signorina Valeri has hopefully regarded as "possibles," prove unresponsive. It is really too galling that the best of them, Signor Vallone, should be snapped up by Signorina Loren—but there: some other man is sure to come along.

The man who comes along is that elderly charmer, Signor Vittorio de Sica—a penniless, infinitely beguiling, unscrupulous rogue of a playwright, so-called, who is not above making use of the poor typist until something better turns up. With what readiness Signorina Valeri allows herself to be deceived—and with what stoicism she accepts the final, inevitable let-down! And how pleasant it is to see someone with no vital statistics to speak of acting Signorina Loren right out of the picture.



## Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

## SUSPENSE ON THREE LEVELS

IN John Mortimer's new novel, *Three Winters* (Collins, 13s. 6d.), time plays a leading part—we behold its action on young and old. The span of the story is twenty years; yet the book is short. How can this be so? Answer: the plot is concentrated into three spaced-out episodes, each one having such force as to convey to the reader what else has happened. Each takes place in a winter (hence the book's title). And dramatically the scene stays the same throughout: a seaside town and a neighbouring country house.

Boy meets girl. . . . In *Three Winters*, however, the first encounter is not fraught with obvious romance. The two are gawky British tongue-tied young teenagers, hardly more than children. The "I" of the story, a schoolboy, is, with his parents, spending Christmas with rich but cheerless relations. The girl Diana is the local doctor's daughter. A pantomime in a theatre on a pier, a sticky, embarrassing Christmas dinner party, and a fight in the doctor's house in the winter dusk—why should these prove so significant, long after?

Next, a wartime winter. The little south-coast town is being battered by air raids and cross-Channel bombardment. Our young man, found unfit for military service, arrives as a member of an official film unit, making "home front" documentaries for America. Diana, it turns out, is still at home: she is in the course of an untidy love affair, carried on under her father's cynical, knowing eye. She and the boy of ten years ago meet again with a dumb shock of recognition—they had parted fighting; in some sense their fight carries on where it left off. Their relationship is at once intimate and hostile. . . . Ten more years go by: the third episode takes place again at Farnfield the uncle's house, scene of the adolescents' Christmas party—a reviewer should not, I feel, disclose its nature, for suspense is a vital element in *Three Winters*.

Here is a case of miraculous story-telling—of suspense on a number of different levels. The dialogue in the bomb-shaken hotel bar, cut through by falling plaster and splintering glass, cannot but be exciting; but not less so are the mysterious tensions of the Farnfield drawing-room (in the first of the episodes and the third), the walks through the frigid woods, the emotional explosion on the darkened seafont. One becomes involved with the characters and their destinies, as though under some relentless compulsion. In particular the difficult girl, Diana—still childish, down to the final view—is so living that one seems to be in the room with her.

The relationship of the "I" with Diana, of Diana with her peccant, magnetic father, gives framework to *Three Winters*. Over the depths, however, is a froth of saturnine and delightful comedy: the uncle and aunt, their relationship with their servants. Lester, the chauffeur, in peace and war, merits a book to himself; so does cranky old Davidson. In the love-story's background we watch a group of grown-ups ossifying with age—in the case of the "I's" pretty mother, this is a played-down tragedy. . . . Mr. John Mortimer has been an author to watch since his start, with *Charade* and *Running Park*. Three successive novels have since then kept him on the ascendant—this latest, *Three Winters*, is (I think) his best to date.

By Hubert Nicholson, *Sunk Island* (Heinemann, 13s. 6d.) is a novel in the Thomas Hardy tradition—here are country characters, magnified by a regional solitude. Elemental passions are at work within the stolid breasts of East Riding farmers—the two men swept away in the flood seem not less submerged than are young Roger Wellincroft and his fatal bride. The time is the beginning of this

century, the scene that corner of the coast ever endangered by the inroads of the Humber or sea. Hard-soiled, dark-avised, stark to the eye, the land-area known as Sunk Island contains a dwelling which becomes a sort of Wuthering Heights.

Good-humoured, and in the main unconcerned, Roger sets out at his family's bidding to court Louisa Kilner, heiress to her father's Sunk Island farm. Ida, Louisa's younger sister, wrecks this—the thin young feverish dark-eyed girl is at once young Wellincroft's doom and joy. Their guilty love-affair culminates in an ill-seen marriage: Ida, in her subsequent losing fight for life and love, pays the full penalty. The story would be too heart-breaking were it not for its blend of comedy, and the full-blooded merriment of some episodes. The author is steeped in this region of which he writes—its dialect, its temperament, its climate. The mists, the gales, the desolating crying of seabirds contrast with the jovialities of the market town, and the sturdiness of the clan of Wellincroft, headed by the patriarchal old Saul.

★ ★ ★  
"SCIENCE FICTION" writers—this new school flourishes on both sides of the Atlantic. Ray Bradbury, his publishers remind us, is not to be thought of in this rôle only. And to be sure,

*The October Country*, a collection of stories (Rupert Hart-Davis, 15s), shows chiefly high-voltage imagination at work on themes as old as the world and as dread as primeval darkness. These are horror stories, in the tradition of the also-American Edgar Allan Poe. Their settings are contemporary—Mr. Bradbury twangs, with a fearsome expertise, on every harp-string of twentieth-century neurosis.

He writes only too well. Such tales as "The Next In Line," "Skeleton," "The Small Assassin," "The Scythe" and "The Man Upstairs" require considerable bringing-off: I can only say that they have been brought off. Fantasy is in some ways akin to poetry, and, shocking and gruesome as some of the pieces are, they are something better—more—than shocking and gruesome.

So I must recommend *The October Country* to those who both relish literary distinction and are strong-nerved enough to enjoy it in this form. . . . The Joe Mugnaini drawings show Mr. Bradbury has found his ideal illustrator, and indeed did so some time ago: his *Fahrenheit 451* and *The Golden Apples Of The Sun* also had pictures by Mugnaini.

★ ★ ★  
*Collins Pocket Guide To The Undersea World* (Collins, 21s.) directs itself to a more adventurous public than its companion volume on Wild Flowers. Those diving or intending to dive in British and European waters will do well to make a companion of this author—Ley Kenyon, D.F.C., Britain's probably most experienced diver. What you need, where to go, fish identification in colour, archeology, cameras . . . as to these, the promises on the wrapper seem well fulfilled. As to how to dive, instructions for the beginner merge into further hints for the more advanced class. Equipment is thoroughly gone into.

Underwater photography leads through to what the depths have to offer to the camera. The whole fish section, with its drawings and diagrams, is absorbing. Thirty-six photographs, three in colour, are the work of J. Y. Cousteau and others; still better, we have sixty-three fish painted by the author.

This *Pocket Guide To The Undersea World* should make a rewarding picture book, and fine reading-matter, even for those who, themselves, do no more than paddle. For who could fail to be fascinated by the endless mysteries of the sea?



EAST FACE OF GAURISANKAR is a photograph from "White Fury" (Hurst & Blackett, 18s.), by Raymond Lambert and Mme. Claude Kogan of their Gaurisankar and Cho Oyu expedition



EVENING IN THE TORRES STRAIT, one of the many illustrations from "The Coast of Coral" (Frederick Muller, 21s.), Arthur Clarke's underwater study of the Great Barrier Reef

MERMAID COTTAGES, HERM, is from J. Dixon-Scott's new book of beautiful landscape photographs on "The Channel Islands" (Nelson, 9s. 6d.)





*Houston Rogers*

## Playing Mozart on the Fortepiano

RUSSIAN-BORN Nina Milkina, who is considered by many to be one of the finest exponents of Mozart in this country, brought novelty to the Edinburgh Festival last night when she gave the Mozart recital at the Freemasons' Hall on both a modern pianoforte and a reproduction of an eighteenth-century Fortepiano, seen in this photograph. She will give another recital on the two pianos on B.B.C. Television on September 2. Nina Milkina was brought up in England and France, studied in Paris and at an early age drew the interest of Rachmaninoff, who predicted a great future for her. She has gained much experience playing in recitals and concerts since



*By*

Isobel Vicomtesse  
d'Orthez

*Fashion Editress*

WORTH. Here we show three aspects of a breathtaking ensemble by Worth. The magnificent black velvet evening coat (top left) is cut with yards and yards of material so that it drapes and falls most beautifully. Below: This superb evening dress is in gold and turquoise lamé. The high bustline is emphasized by a turquoise velvet bow, and the wide shoulder straps are in matching velvet. Right: The coat is held open to show the luxurious lining which matches the dress

London



# Collection

FASHION in London remains one of ease and nonchalance. There are no new lines, but the clothes are wonderfully cut in beautiful fabrics and colours—beige, browns, blues and especially the whole range of Goya pinks. Black, of course, is still the designers' and the smart women's perennial favourite. This week we are showing some of the magnificent evening dresses photographed by Michel Molinare at the lovely home of Margery Allingham, the novelist, at Tolleshunt D'Arcy in Essex. The photographs were taken in the enchanting setting of her floodlit gardens. Next week we will be bringing exciting news of the latest Paris collections







STIEBEL. Fragile and delicate as a lily is this full skirted white tulle ball dress by Victor Stiebel at Jacqmar. It has a low inset bodice that comes down in points to a low hip line and which is embroidered with gold. Ideal for the young or sophisticated

MICHAEL SHERRARD. This dress is in pink satin and has a wide skirt, draped across the front with the fullness falling at the back. The beautifully cut top has a charming neckline outlined with a narrow frill. To complement the satin is a long organza stole trimmed with full blown roses at the shoulder

*London Collection*

A garden of lilies and roses



*London Collection*

*“On such a night as this . . . . .”*



STIEBEL. The white satin evening dress by Victor Stiebel at Jacqmar (far left) has a scarlet velvet strapless top which comes down to a low waistline. The wide skirt has most of the fullness at the back. This is a striking and charming dress, the velvet making an unusual foil for the rich satin

JOHN CAVANAGH. This paper taffeta full length evening dress (below) by John Cavanagh is in a heavenly shade of Goya pink. It has a very full gathered skirt and a large bow trims the bodice. The perfect dress for the great occasion

MICHAEL SHERRARD. A two toned organza evening cloak (right) in the charming combination of honey and shot green. It would look luxurious over most colours, especially over white, green, gold or black. It can be worn as a burnous or draped in a variety of exciting ways







Choice for the week  
by  
Isobel Vicomtesse  
d'Orthez

## A DAY IN LONDON

HERE are examples of the kind of clothes which are enormously useful and adaptable, being both smart and comfortable and which can be worn for a day in London or in the country. (Left) Garlaine's two-piece in jersey. The skirt is straight and the striped jacket is short and has collar, cuffs and pockets in plain jersey. The jacket and skirt cost 6½ gns. each. (Right) A red velour coat by Jon Elle, copied from a Roberto Capucci model. The cut is loose but tapers slightly towards the hem and the revers are wide. Price 12½ gns. The beige hat in both photographs is trimmed with a two-toned ribbon and buttons, price 67s. 6d. Beige gloves 11s. 9d. and 14s. 9d. Pale lizard skin handbag 7 gns. Clothes and all accessories are from Peter Jones





# A serenade from Spain

*IT only needs Segovia playing softly on his guitar to give a finishing touch to this fascinating and lovely variety of merchandise from Spain which is to be found in Fortnum and Mason's gift department. In these pages we show a small selection from these many gay beautiful things*

—JEAN CLELAND



A typical and very colourful Spanish lady seated on a chair. This most delightful doll is price £5 1s. 9d.



This Spanish Ecrase photograph frame which will hold five photographs is gold tooled at £5 17s. 0d.



An exquisite Spanish jewel case which will give an air of elegance to any dressing-table, price £6 18s. 0d.



Corcho calf handbag, leather lined and trimmed with olive wood at £22 8s. 0d. Black and gilt necklet, price £5 5s. 0d. with matching ear-rings £1 7s. 6d.



A caramel nylon straw handbag, trimmed with black calf, price £22 11s. 0d. The lively Spanish bull £2 17s. 9d.



This pink and black nylon straw handbag with a gilt metal fringe is another in expert Spanish workmanship. It costs £25 6s. 0d.

Below: Lovely porcelain decanter with vine decoration, price £6 15s. 0d. and a tea caddy with a floral design at £5 15s. 6d.







## Beauty

# What's in a name

THERE are times when the names given to scents, cosmetics and beauty products lead to a certain degree of sweet confusion. Especially is this so when the said names refer to food and drink.

"Banana Milk," for instance, sounds good enough to eat—or drink. If you tried to do either, you would be wrong. In actual fact, it is a new preparation from Coryse Salome of Paris for soothing the skin and for nourishing a complexion that is extra dry. It is especially helpful after sun and sea bathing, and acts like a balm on any part of the face or body that is inclined to be sore or inflamed.

From the same beauty firm is another new preparation called "Gel Estival," a jelly which has a two-way purpose. Not only does it filter out the harmful ultra-violet rays of the sun, but it effectively wards off those insects and mosquitoes that are such a pest during the summer.

Before we leave Coryse Salome, I must tell you of a clever idea for ensuring that "she shall have perfume wherever she goes." Called the "Perfumiser," this is a little plastic case (about the size of a lipstick) containing an absorbent dipstick. To scent your lingerie drawer, or your handbag, all you have to do is to immerse the stick into the perfume, screw the cap on again, after which the scent will drift out through the little holes in the case.

BACK to the question of names. A friend of mine was momentarily mystified by a gift which bore the title of "Gin Fizz." This was not, as she might have supposed, a new kind of cocktail to be drunk at a party, but a refreshing and very lovely toilet water from the House of Lubin, the famous French perfumers. Latest item in the Lubin range, it is now available in Britain, and almost as soon as this article appears—if not sooner—will be joined by "Gin Fizz" perfume. If you are looking for something new in the way of fragrance, I suggest you try this; it's gay and it's different.

Another scent which has come on to the market recently is Balenciaga's "Quadrille," which, though sophisticated, is not too heavy.

A name which strikes one as contradictory for a range of cosmetics is "Rose Bleu," which is what Lancôme are calling their new matching series of lipstick, cream rouge and nail varnish. What kind of a pink, you might well ask, is a Blue Rose, and Lancôme describe it as a "pale blue pink" with a white light in it. This may sound a little fanciful, but what it adds up to is a delicate bluey pink, with a sort of radiance that is very flattering to the skin.

HOWEVER much they may disapprove of running repairs in the way of make-up being done in public, few women can resist the temptation to touch up their lips from time to time, especially after a meal. Revlon's give a touch of elegance to this simple act, by creating an entirely new idea in the way of lipstick cases. Under the name of "Futurama," three elegant cases have been designed for Revlon by the famous firm of American Jewellers Van Cleef & Arpels.

These cases are in modern shapes, and are intended to be regarded as smart accessories. There are three different designs for each mood and every purse, that can be easily refilled.

—Jean Cleland



Revlon's "Futurama" lipstick cases in three charming new designs



Arcancil V combines mascara and eyelash grower and costs 12s. 9d



Coryse Salome's "Perfumiser" from Swan and Edgar



"Gin Fizz" is Lubin's very newest toilet water, the scent will follow soon



*Vandyk*  
**Lady Rosemary Mackay**, daughter of the second Earl of Inchcape and of Mrs. Francis P. Tompkins, of Northfield, Vermont, United States of America, and Hanover Terrace, N.W.1, is to marry Mr. Francis Martin French, R.N., son of the late Mr. Francis French and of Mrs. Henry Morland, of Punchbowl Green, Slindon, Sussex

## THEY ARE ENGAGED

**Miss Pamela Elizabeth Rowcliffe**, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Rowcliffe, of Pinkney Park, Malmesbury, Wilts, is to marry Capt. the Hon. Francis Storr Eaton Newall, 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own), only son of Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Newall and Lady Newall, of The Old Hundred, Tormarton, near Badminton, Glos



*Lenore*



*Yevette*

**Miss Pamela Margaret Coulman**, elder daughter of the late Lt.-Col. E. R. Coulman and of Mrs. Coulman, of Bracken Cottage, Newtown, Newbury, Berks, is engaged to Mr. Colin Cunningham Clogstoun, only son of G/Capt. T. O. Clogstoun and Mrs. Clogstoun, of Wing Cottage, Hampstead Norris, near Newbury



*Lenore*

**Miss Barbara Mitcheson**, daughter of Dr. V. S. Mitcheson, J.P., and Mrs. Mitcheson, of Old Robus, Lydinge, Kent, has recently announced her engagement to Capt. Peter Welch, Royal Artillery, younger son of Capt. H. Welch, C.B.E., R.N. (retd.), and Mrs. Welch, of Alverstoke, Hants



**Swire—Montgomerie.** Mr. Humphrey Roger Swire, son of the late Lt.-Col. C. G. W. Swire and of Mrs. Swire, of Coldicote, Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos, married Miss Philippa Sophia Montgomerie, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. J. Kidston-Montgomerie of Southan, of Longbottom, Hants, and Fairlie, Ayrshire, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



**Maltby—Harris.** The marriage took place at St. Nicholas's Church, Newnham, of Mr. John Newcombe Maltby, son of Air Vice-Marshal Sir Paul and Lady Maltby, of Froglands, Rotherwick, Basingstoke, Hants, and Lady Sylvia Harris, the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury, of Newnham House, Basingstoke, Hampshire

## THEY WERE MARRIED



**McKenzie—Bradsworth.** Dr. Kenneth Thomas Clyde McKenzie, of Stratford Road, Shirley, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McKenzie, of Edgbaston and Sydney, Australia, was married to Miss Angela Mary Bradsworth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Bradsworth, of Alderbrook Road, Solihull, Warwickshire, at St. Alphege's Church, Solihull



**Bosch—Markham-David.** The marriage took place recently at St. Mary The Boltons, London, S.W.7, of Mr. Henry Bosch, son of the late Mr. G. H. Bosch and of Mrs. G. Mikulicic-Rodd, of Sydney, Australia, and Miss Daphne Claire Celeste Markham-David, daughter of Cdr. and Mrs. C. Markham-David, of Cresswell Gardens, London, S.W.5



**Craddock—Philip.** Mr. Ian Dayrell Craddock, son of Dr. Stuart Craddock, of Bodmeryic, Holsworthy, Devon, and of Mrs. P. R. L. Heath, of Jeffrey House, Kinnear Road, Edinburgh, recently married Miss Alison Mary Philip, daughter of Sir Randall Philip, Q.C., of Great King Street, Edinburgh, at St. George's West Church, Edinburgh





THE 1957 VAUXHALL VELOX has many improvements in appearance and performance on former models. The front-end has been re-styled and each rear wing has a new lamp unit containing stop and tail lamps, reflectors and direction indicator lamps. The new interior (right) is comfortable, roomy and attractive

*Motoring*

*Oliver Stewart*

## TO RUN ON WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS

WHEN tubeless tyres were introduced some time ago, some said that they would enable the spare wheel to be dispensed with and that this would lead to a reduction in first costs and a volumetric increase in the car's baggage space. So far no manufacturer has dropped the spare wheel from his standard specification. But the idea was there and its attractiveness was evident.

It is not, perhaps, surprising therefore to read in a recent Goodyear Tyre and Rubber Company announcement the unqualified claim that they have devised a tyre which makes a spare wheel unnecessary. I have not inspected this tyre and I therefore give the following description with all reserves about its accuracy.

Nylon cord fabric, which has been found so useful for life jackets and pressure breathing clothing for airmen, is used in this tyre to form a secondary inner air chamber. This uses the wheel rim as a seal in the same way as a tubeless tyre of the ordinary kind, but, when inflated, it does not expand to touch the inside of the cover. One has therefore a tyre within a tyre, neither touching the other except at the rim. If the cover is torn to shreds the nylon chamber will hold sufficient pressure for one hundred miles—a reasonable get-you-home distance.

Both air chambers are inflated when the tyre is fitted; but thereafter pressure adjustments are made on the inner chamber only so that no additional servicing is entailed. The tyre has gone through all the tests beloved of the tyre companies. People have hammered nails into it; hacked it with knives; driven it over boards carrying forests of enormous spikes and even had it blown to bits by dynamite caps. It has always, it is stated, remained effective and enabled the car to be driven without reducing speed for something in the order of one hundred miles—occasionally much more.

One feels that, for the manufacturer who is seeking means of reducing his prices without spoiling his vehicle, there is something here worthy of attention. Perhaps the spare wheel and the in-built jacking system will eventually go the same way as the starting handle.

THE other day I reported in these notes the heavy cross-Channel bookings on the car ferries. From one of the most popular ferry companies, Townsend, comes a postscript which is both a warning and an encouragement. The company tells me that those who reserve space on the ferry and are then prevented from travelling do not always tell the company.

The obvious consequence is that some of those whose applications for space are rejected could, in fact, travel. Although booked to capacity, the ferry does not always sail filled to capacity. Records have been set this year and Townsend say that in one week they carried

1,489 cars. Nevertheless, because of the absent-mindedness, inefficiency or—shall we say—just plain rudeness of those who book but fail to tell the company that they cannot sail, there has often been room for one or two more cars.

The conclusion must be that—except on Saturdays—it is nearly always worthwhile taking a chance that there will be room on the ferry even if no booking has been made.

NOT enough notice was given to the unusual International Police Rally which finished at Montlhéry circuit. The winners this year were Jean Guillaume and Jean Touze in a Renault Dauphine, second was another Dauphine belonging to the Prefecture de Police and third was a four horsepower Renault belonging to the Paris Police. Volkswagens then followed interspersed with Goggomobils, a Fiat, a Peugeot, an Aronde, a DKW and other 4 CVs. In short, Renault did remarkably well.

This rally includes a regularity test and a classification test, the first taking in Lyon as the objective and calling for an average speed of 37½ miles an hour. The rules were not sent me so I am uncertain of what the Montlhéry "speed test" consisted; but the classification marking was done by according to each competitor points equal to the number of kilometres run and then deducting for minutes in front of or behind control check times.

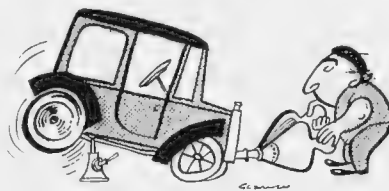
As it was a police trial it is hardly necessary to add that the average speeds had to be achieved without any infringements of the regulations!

While talking about events in France I would like to recall that the Paris Salon has been the place where emphasis has been placed on practical car finishes. French manufacturers, knowing the habits of their customers who are inclined to leave their cars outside in all weathers and never to have them washed, have been in the van with means for preventing coachwork deterioration.

It was Panhard, I think, who, a long time ago, decided that all external "bright parts" should be of homogeneous material so that the risks of surface chipping and rust could be eliminated. At first the "bright" parts were not so bright, but the practical advantages were manifest.

Now British manufacturers are turning increasingly to means whereby parts now chromium-plated can be made of materials which will look as attractive, but resist corrosion better. Stainless steel is one obvious choice. As an alternative to the use of corrosion-resistant metals, I would like to invent a liquid which could be sprayed all over a new car and would have the protective effects of cocooning.

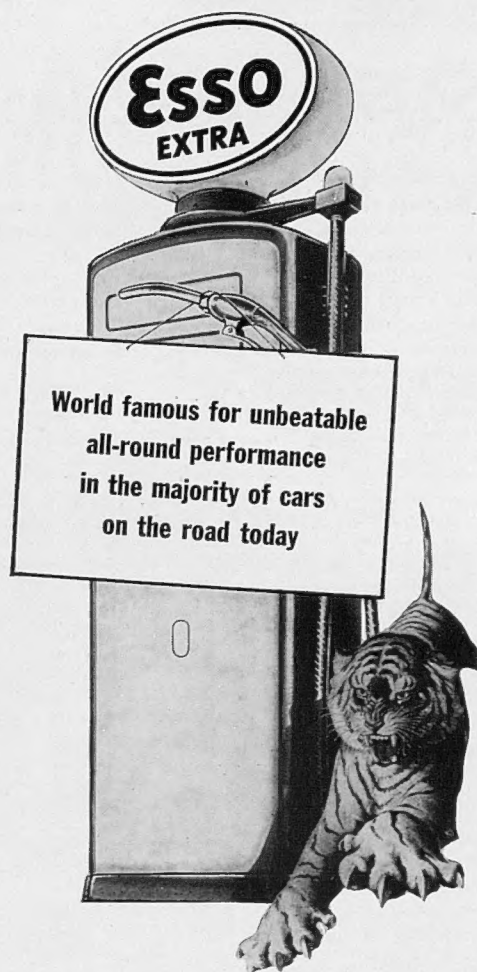
The car owner could then take over his new car, spray it, and dispense with washing and polishing. When he finally desired to sell the car, he would use another special liquid which would remove the protective coating and the car would gleam like new.





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### PLAN A DIFFERENT HOLIDAY IN MALTA LATER THIS YEAR

With its warm Mediterranean climate, Malta is a fascinating place for a holiday from October to March. Things are cheaper (cigarettes 1/9 for 20) and travel allowances are unnecessary for Malta is in the Sterling Area. The Hotel Phoenicia is one of Europe's best. And travel agents here are co-operating with BEA to offer this superb value-for-money holiday.

#### Special offer!

10 days 'all-in' at the Hotel Phoenicia, flying BEA Elizabethan there and back, only

**65** GNS  
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WEST INDIA COMMITTEE NORFOLK STREET LONDON W.C.2



## DINING IN

## Saving the day

YOUNG friends often telephone to me when they get into difficulties with their cooking, in the hope that I may be able to help them out of what they call their "dilemma." A bride of a few weeks ago, for instance, rang me up to ask what she could do with apricots which, she had hoped, would be a pleasant compote instead of the "ragged mess" they were—and she was having company for dinner, too! She had made a syrup according to directions, placed the halved stoned apricots in it over a lowish heat, then turned her back "for a minute," with disastrous results.

I thought that she might turn the "mess" into a Mousse! And here is what she did, quite successfully: She sieved the apricots (about 2 cupfuls), then added the skinned apricot kernels and a few slivers of lemon rind to the syrup and simmered it to reduce it a little. Meanwhile, she whipped 2 egg whites until they were very stiff and dry, then gradually folded the fairly hot purée and a little of the strained syrup into them. (The hot, but not too hot, purée holds the whipped egg whites and prevents their "running back.") She piled this Mousse into glasses, topped them with slivers of blanched almonds and, at the last minute, spooned the remaining cold syrup over them. Report? Delicious!

This cold Apricot Mousse, formed into a circle in a serving-dish and filled with cold creamed rice or ice-cream, makes another very pleasant sweet.

But how to poach halved apricots in syrup and keep them "whole"? For 1½ lb. fruit, make a syrup with 1 teacup sugar and 1½ teacups water. Place the halved apricots and some of their kernels in a casserole and pour the syrup over them. Cover and bake in a coolish oven until they are soft enough for a slender skewer to penetrate them easily. Treat other "touchy" fruits in the same way.

ONE of the most enterprising cooks I know is an ex-army officer who, until his retirement, had never cooked anything. The other day, he decided to make *Cock au Vin*. He followed every detail of the recipe, but for two points: He used a much smaller chicken than directed and did not brown it enough in the first place. Further, he did not simmer the final sauce to reduce and thicken it and it tasted like a chicken-flavoured wine. Its colour was unpleasant, too.

Called in almost at the last moment, I suggested gently boiling the large amount of sauce in an open pan to the consistency required and, to give it a better colour, we fried a few onion rings until they were very dark and added them. (We removed them, later on.) Meanwhile, the chicken was covered and kept warm in the oven. Failure into success!

Recently, a young cook who was making a vegetable soup with a base of clear meat stock added salt twice so that it was quite "uneatable." What to do? The quickest and, perhaps, most satisfactory thing is to add enough sliced potatoes to absorb the salt, cook them, then rub the lot through a sieve and thin it down with plain water to the right proportions and "saltiness." This means probably twice as much soup as is required for the one occasion, but it will be edible.

Next week, the two-yearly *Daily Express* Food Fair opens at Olympia for a three-weeks' season (August 28 to September 15, inclusive). Apart from what will be a wonderful display of fresh farm produce, sponsored by our own farmers, and on sale to the public, one of the features will be a very wide variety of foods and beverages from Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, Rumania and Yugoslavia, many of them quite unknown to the younger adult generation. Here is an opportunity to learn something of them in a day!

There will be frozen sturgeon, live crayfish and frogs and an amazing assortment of herbs from Rumania; Prague hams, blackberry, strawberry and other fruit liqueurs from Czechoslovakia; a special blue cheese (new to me) from Hungary and, from Poland, stuffed this and that, including shell eggs filled with a savoury mixture for which the hen was not responsible. All these and an astonishing collection of sausages and other meats will claim my attention.

—Helen Burke



M. GEORGES DERTU of La Reserve, Gerrard Street, was born in Carcassonne and started in the restaurant business at the age of twelve. Since then he has worked at many famous restaurants in London and Paris. In May this year he opened La Reserve which specializes in pure French cuisine

Ivan de Wynter

## DINING OUT

## Diet without tears

FINDING myself in Chertsey, the following jingle came to mind:

Some people swear by the Spotted Pig,  
Some people say it's rotten,  
Some people praise the Old Green Snake,  
Some say it's best forgotten.  
Some people say The Trout's the place,  
Some people say it's lousy,  
While others praise the Brown Boot Lace,  
And others say it's frowsy.  
Some people say The Crocodile is the place to find good cheer,  
But others say it's not so good—the tears get in the beer.  
While others with complete abandon  
Praise the Onslow Arms at Clandon,  
The latest news from out of town  
The Crown at Chertsey's tumbling down.

Having discovered there was a "pub" called The Crown in Chertsey, I was amazed to find that it did indeed appear to be tumbling down.

The House had recently changed hands and I found the new landlord, a Mr. "Joe" Woodruff, standing with a woebegone look on his face in the middle of a mass of debris in a room which he told me would one day be the restaurant.

"When I took this over," he said, "I dreamed up a programme of vast improvements: silver grill, revolving spit grill, first-class snackbar, smart restaurant, first-class chefs, and Lord knows what else, but it seems to have got a bit out of control and the dream has become a nightmare; I've lost a stone in three weeks. Come back in a couple of months and see what's happened."

THIS weight-reducing landlord caused me to remember the gladiators of Rome, whose toast the night before they fought in the arena was "Eat, Drink and Be Merry, for tomorrow we die."

To bring it up to date, change the word "die" to "diet," as I observe with some concern that the gospel of the diet experts seems to be spreading in all directions so that even I, overweight and somewhat breathless, may find myself ensnared.

Passing Forte's Popular Restaurant in Piccadilly I saw a large notice in the window calling all and sundry to "Eat and stay young."


I eat a lot and I have grown old so I thought I would investigate. It appears that Miss Justine Glass, whose book *Eat And Stay Young* (Peter Owen Ltd., 15s.) has met with considerable success, has devised some special menus for Forte's restaurant: Menu A for Slimmers and Menu B for Business People.

As far as the A menu is concerned, it states that "slimming is not a matter of starvation but selection." It appears that you can include in your lunch such things as clear consommé, roast beef with salad, and a gooseberry fool.

"B stands for Business," the intention being to keep harassed business people awake and alert during the afternoon, a very commendable thought. Even on this menu you could have a tomato juice, cold roast chicken and salad (the salads being served with a special dressing containing olive oil, cyder vinegar, iodized vegetable salt, honey and paprika) and rhubarb crush.

I am glad to hear that there is going to be a C menu, this one for tired shoppers, of grape fruit, rump steak, green peas, new potatoes, salad, finishing up with a banana bake, and with all this a bottle of Burgundy or Chablis "if you are so inclined." I am.

—I. Bickerstaff



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